

Xenophile

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Xenophile

by [MiriamKenneath](#)

Summary

A spoiled, spacefaring alien prince (who looks like a giant caterpillar) subjects his long-suffering human butler to a series of erotic experiments.

Notes

See the end of the work for [notes](#)

Chapter 1

They called themselves the Xanthye.

Humans like Henry Rhee could approximate the pronunciation of the species name with reasonable accuracy by using a strongly aspirated bzzz sound at the beginning of the first syllable and a glottal stop at the beginning of the second. However, humans who were not Henry Rhee usually didn't bother making the effort.

Instead, according to most humans who were not Henry Rhee, the Xanthye were "bugs." Or "bugpeople" whenever the human in question wished to be at least somewhat politically correct.

Which Henry's mother certainly did not.

"How can you stand to be around those...those...those...those *bugs*?! Sweetheart, I don't understaaaaand!" she wailed. "You were going to be a doctor – what happened? You had your whole life ahead of you!! Why did you have to go so far away??"

Henry pinched the bridge of his nose and sighed. Medicine had been *her* plan for him. *He* had always wanted to explore the galaxy. She knew that damn full well. She was just pretending she didn't.

"I check my messages every day," his mother's voice continued relentlessly. "Why don't you ever write or call? It's like you're avoiding me!"

Now Henry was rolling his eyes. It took nearly six months for messages sent from Earth to reach the Xanthye flagship. He was just listening to this one for the first time today, and even if he replied immediately, she wouldn't receive the reply for another half a year.

But he wasn't planning on replying immediately. What would he say? Remind her for the thousandth time that space travel was ridiculously expensive, and the only conceivable way he'd ever afford to realize his most deeply held desire was to take employment on a spacefaring vessel?

"You're such a talented boy, Henry. You deserve so much *better* than to be—"

"Henry! Heeeeenry!"

His Royal High-Pain-in-the-Assness, Prince Xanto was calling him.

Henry paused his mother's message and put his tablet into sleep mode. Hurriedly, he straightened his suit, double-checking to make absolutely certain he looked impeccable, and glanced at the clock. Ah, time for afternoon tea. Of course. Prince Xanto would undoubtedly be famished.

"Heeeeenry! Henry, where are you?! Get over here right this second!! Right this second, I say!! Henry, you're already laaaaate—"

"I'm here, Your Majesty, and I've brought your afternoon tea."

Prince Xanto was reclining beneath a heat lamp and reading one of Henry's books. He did not look up to acknowledge Henry's arrival, and he did not reply. His urgent calls for his favorite human butler had apparently, at least for the present, been forgotten.

Henry expected nothing less. Unconcerned, he began to lay out the afternoon tea spread. There

were three scones, pots of strawberry jam and clotted cream, and the finest Indian whole leaf black tea already steeping in a bone china teacup.

The Xanthye had developed a bizarre fascination with certain stereotyped human cultural practices. So, although Henry was not English and had never visited the British Isles, he was, to the very best of his abilities – which were not inconsiderable, he knew – a high-priced English butler in the service of the future King of Xanthyeia. (The accent was on the final “e.”)

Hey, it was one way of seeing the galaxy.

In theory. In reality, he spent most of his time seeing after Prince’s Xanto’s every whim.

You see, the Crown Prince, like princes everywhere, was a royal, spoiled brat. Henry had gotten used to it, and really, catering to a spoiled brat’s every whim was a small price to pay when you get to see the Lion’s Mane Nebula with your own eyes. From five different vantage points during various routine stopovers at the Xanthye’s various colonial outposts. Okay, it was from a small viewport. But still. It was the principle of the thing.

“Give me a massage,” Prince Xanto commanded, his first words since Henry’s arrival. He was already tucking into the scones, but since the Xanthye rubbed whisker-like bristles on either side of their heads together to produce speech, they could literally talk with their mouths full.

“Of course, Your Majesty.”

The prince had an exoskeleton, but it was not a hard, armor-like, chitinous shell. Instead, it was pliable, almost velvety in texture, and in the recycled, dry air of the ship, it risked cracks and splits, painful, difficult to heal wounds which leaked hemolymph. The slick, moisturizing oil that Henry applied to Prince Xanto’s body daily was a necessity, and one which, if he were honest, was one of his more pleasant duties at the prince’s 24/7 beck and call.

Beauty was in the eye of the beholder, naturally, but to Henry’s eyes, Prince Xanto was beautiful. The Earth bug he most resembled was a caterpillar, and his base coloring was the milky green of mint chocolate chip ice cream, with occasional orange and magenta spots and whorls along the length of his back to accent it. He had eight pairs of limbs, with the first two pairs of appendages closest to his head modified for grasping and manipulation – like hands, in other words.

Prince Xanto rumbled with pleasure as Henry massaged moisturizer into the textured sole of one peg-like foot. If it this felt good on Henry’s skin, it must feel good on the prince’s exoskeleton... Mmm, the heat lamp was warm... The repetitive massaging motions were hypnotic...

“Henry, answer my questions about this book!”

Henry blinked, jolted out of his pleasant mental haze.

“Hmm? Which book is that...?”

But Henry, peering around Prince Xanto’s bulk, could already see the book in question. It was one of Henry’s medical textbooks.

Oh, swell.

Just.

Swell.

Chapter 2

The Xanthye provided their live-in butlers with full room and board, a generous stipend, and a uniform that looked like a costume worn on the set of *Downton Abbey*. So, really, there hadn't been very much that Henry had *needed* to bring onboard with him. And it wasn't like he was a materialistic sort anyway.

He *had* brought a large suitcase of books, though. Old-fashioned, bound, dead tree books. They were his one vice, and he figured they'd keep him company.

Unfortunately, he hadn't reckoned on Prince Xanto.

One of the hallmarks of the Xanthye species was their innate curiosity. It was why they were such enthusiastic space explorers. It was why they put so much effort into learning about Earth's languages and cultures. And it was why one very spoiled prince had, upon discovering Henry's private cache of books, immediately appropriated them for himself.

That wouldn't have been so bad if Prince Xanto actually took care of the books he'd appropriated. But of course he did not. Henry had found his copy of *Moby Dick*, waterlogged beyond all hope of salvage, at the bottom of the toilet one morning. His favorite Dr. Seuss picture book from childhood, *The Lorax*, had been sliced to ribbons and reassembled into a collage that hung on a wall of the prince's private quarters for a week. (After that, it was discarded and replaced with a black and white photograph of Hong Kong's skyline.)

And now, Prince Xanto had moved on to Henry's doorstopper medical textbook.

"Human anatomy is so interesting!" he remarked as he crammed the third and final scone into his mouth. "But why stop at books when I have an actual live specimen right here with me? Henry, strip!"

So, the prince wanted to see him without his clothing. Well. It wasn't like the Xanthye themselves wore clothing, so they had no sense of bodily shame as such and would not automatically presume it in others. In truth, the indignity of the prince's latest command was no worse than the indignity done to Henry's poor copy of *Moby Dick*.

Sometimes, though, it made Henry feel like he was a hundred years old instead of twenty-five. He repressed a sigh as he unbuttoned and shrugged off his jacket and laid it fastidiously aside. Then he did the same with his vest and dress shirt.

"Is this what you wished to inspect, Your Majesty?" Henry asked, gesturing at his own bare chest.

His nipples tightened reflexively in the open air. The prince noticed; his stubby antennae twitched and waved forward with interest.

"Does it feel good to have your nipples touched?" Prince Xanto reached out and squeezed one, almost hard enough to hurt.

"It doesn't do much for me personally, but I suppose some humans enjoy it," Henry said, trying not to wince.

"I see. Show me your penis."

Ah.

“As you wish, Your Majesty.”

The textbook was open to a labelled diagram of the male urogenital tract. He’d probably only just learned the word “penis,” but there was clearly no getting around the prince’s strange whims. So, without ceremony, Henry removed his shoes, socks, trousers, and boxer briefs.

“Iiinnnteereeeesting. And not very impressive.” Prince Xanto’s dark, round eyes were pointed directly at Henry’s groin. He tried his best not to shrivel at this unaccustomed scrutiny. “This says that there is a considerable range of normal size. You appear to be at the extreme low end of that range.”

“I’m not—”

“Is your penis also at the low end of the range when erect? This says there is no absolute correlation between size when flaccid and size when erect.”

“I-I...”

“Well?” Prince Xanto was growing impatient. “Show me.”

“Um, here? Right now?” Henry bleated.

“You know I don’t like having to repeat myself.”

He did. Henry supposed there was no helping the situation. He got into position, standing directly in front of the prince to give him the best possible view. Hopefully he could satisfy Prince Xanto’s curiosity about his body now, and then, as with everything else, or so it seemed, he would lose interest in the subject, forget he’d ever cared in the first place, and move on to something else. Something less...intrusive.

Fortunately, Henry’s hands were still slightly slick and wet from the moisturizer he’d been using on the prince’s exoskeleton earlier, so at least this impromptu masturbatory session wouldn’t be completely uncomfortable. He jerked himself quickly to hardness, with fast, firm strokes along the length of the shaft. When precome began to well up at the tip, Henry pinched his foreskin over the top of the glans and then retracted it again, spreading the fluid over the glans.

“Good! Keep going.”

He obeyed. The sensation was, inevitably, intensifying. Henry’s eyes drifted shut, and his brow furrowed as the sweet, achy tension of impending orgasm began to pool low in his belly. He stroked himself faster, ah, yes, just a little bit more, a little bit more, *a little bit more*—

His hips jerked forward, and he tensed, knees quivering, an involuntary cry escaping his pursed lips as he began to ejaculate. Eight long, thick ropes of semen hit the floor with audible plops.

That orgasm had been unexpectedly intense. Henry’s eyes fluttered open, and he was startled by how close Prince Xanto’s face was to his still throbbing erection.

“Fascinating!” the prince exclaimed. “Now, tell me: Is it true what it says about ‘refractory periods’?”

Chapter 3

“Generally speaking, yes,” Henry replied.

“I see!” Prince Xanto’s long, sinuous bulk rose from where he had been reclining, and he began to inspect Henry from every angle. “Hmm,” he muttered as he took in Henry’s sweaty back, wobbly knees, and reflexively bobbing Adam’s apple. “Hmm, hmm, hmm!” By the time he was finished, they were face to face once more, and Henry was veritably encircled by that caterpillar-like body.

Any attempt to escape, he knew, would be futile.

One of Prince Xanto’s appendages shot out, lightning fast, to take hold of Henry’s erection.

Henry tried to jerk backward and slap the appendage away. His nerves were still oversensitive, and this contact so soon after his orgasm was a sensation uncomfortably close to pain.

“Henry...” Prince Xanto said warningly. His grip on Henry tightened, and Henry couldn’t suppress the groan that elicited. He tried again to slap the appendage away—

Which was a big mistake of judgement on his part because, suddenly, his hands were tied and bound behind his back.

The prince, rather like some Earth critters, was capable of producing silk from two spinnerets on the underside of his abdomen. It wasn’t a sticky variety – he wasn’t anything like a spider! – but it was fibrous and deceptively tough, virtually impossible for Henry with his ordinary human strength to break by brute force alone.

“Your Majesty!” Henry gasped, appalled by this new development. “What in Heaven’s name are you—”

“Your resistance to further sexual stimulation implies that this ‘refractory period’ does indeed exist. Now I want to know how long it lasts.”

“Um, well. Well, like penis size, there is considerable variation, dependent upon a whole range of factors such as age, individual health, genetic variation—”

“How long it lasts *for you*,” Prince Xanto clarified. He continued to stroke Henry’s erection, albeit with a slower, gentler touch that wasn’t quite as unpleasant as it had been moments earlier.

Henry took a deep breath and released it deliberately, trying to dispel his excess anxiety and tension. Prince Xanto’s gaze was fixed on his body and its myriad responses to stimulus. This was just one more small indignity to be suffered in the service of His Royal High-Pain-in-the-Assness. He’d endured worse in the past...much worse...and he’d survived the experience.

Besides, truth be told, he didn’t know exactly what his own minimum refractory period was. One orgasm per sexual encounter – okay, Henry, let’s be honest, per solo jerk-off session – had always been plenty good enough to satisfy him.

In any case, by the Xanthye’s extremely accurate timekeeping technology, Henry Rhee was discovered to have a hypothetical minimum refractory period of seventeen minutes and thirty-six seconds, to be precise.

Seventeen minutes and thirty-seven seconds after his first orgasm, Henry had a second orgasm that

was – it hardly seemed possible! – even more excruciatingly intense than the first. Tears leaked out from the corners of his eyes, and he tensed and jerked mindlessly. He would've collapsed onto the floor outright, in fact, without even his own hands to catch his fall, if the prince had not been supporting Henry with his own body.

“Fascinating.”

Henry watched, panting, boneless, and replete, while Prince Xanto inspected the semen coating one of his appendages and tentatively sampled the taste with his mouthparts. His antennae lifted with self-evident pleasure.

“Glycoprotein seasoned with sodium chloride. Slightly alkaline. I like the flavor!” the prince declared.

Henry squeezed his eyes shut and braced himself for the return of the appendage to his poor, practically purple erection. He knew exactly what was coming next.

The third time, it took nineteen minutes and four seconds to achieve orgasm.

There had been noticeably less ejaculate produced during this round, though.

“I need a break. You're gonna milk me dry,” Henry tried joking weakly.

Unfortunately, Prince Xanto was not amused. In fact, he looked downright displeased. “I was not satisfied with that last performance, Henry,” he said, pouting and petulant.

“Forgive me, Your Majest—”

“It seems like alternative stimulating techniques may be in order.” The prince picked up the medical textbook and paged through it until he found something that he was looking for. “See here?” He turned the open book outward for Henry to see and indicated a passage. “It says that both electro and manual stimulation of the prostate gland via the rectum can be used to trigger ejaculation. Is this why some human males find anal sexual intercourse pleasurable? Do *you* find anal sexual intercourse pleasurable?”

Henry gulped. He had to remind himself not to struggle against the silk bindings to his wrists or – let's face it – to attempt to run screaming from the prince's private quarters. “I must confess that I have never tried it before, Your Majesty.”

“Hmm. There's a first time for everything then, Henry, as you humans like to say. We don't have an ‘electroejaculation device’ to hand, but we do have the requisite hands, as it were. Shall we begin?”

“Please, Your Majesty... Please use the moisturizing oil for lubrication...” He hated how high-pitched and even frightened and pleading his voice sounded.

“Don't worry,” the prince said in his most soothing tones, “I won't hurt you.”

Thank goodness for small blessings, at least. Henry gulped a second time as one questing Xanthye appendage slid down into his ass and probed for entry. It was wet and dripping with oil.

“How interesting! Your anal sphincter is tighter than I would have expected,” Prince Xanto murmured.

Chapter 4

Henry *was* capable of orgasming purely from prostate stimulation, as it turned out.

Multiple times. Prince Xanto was delighted by their mutual discovery.

He was so delighted, in fact, that he didn't lose interest in human sexuality after – finally – dismissing Henry for the evening. (Henry had been so awkward and bowlegged that he'd had to take his leave practically crawling on his hands and knees. He'd gone straight to bed: His dreams, or what he remembered of them, had been colored a uniform shade of mint chocolate chip green.) Instead, and uncharacteristically, Prince Xanto's fascination with Henry only seemed to increase.

Every day for the next five days, Henry arrived with afternoon tea; the prince would demand his customary massage; and then said massage would somehow end in sex.

Very, very one-sided sex, which invariably involved bringing Henry to orgasm while Prince Xanto scrutinized every detail of his response.

At least he'd only tried the jury-rigged electroejaculation device on one of those days. It had made muscles Henry hadn't known he possessed seize and cramp painfully, and the instantaneous ejaculations weren't actually all that pleasurable.

“—told you to drink,” Prince Xanto said.

“But Your Majesty! I've had three glasses of water already!” Henry protested, attempting to turn his face away from the full glass being held to his lips. Dehydration during these long erotic sessions might have been a legitimate concern on any other day...but not today.

“Drink.”

“But—”

“Why must you defy me, Henry?”

Oh, great. Just great. Prince Xanto was pouting. That was never a good development when it came to Henry's general well-being. Resignedly, he began to sip from the glass.

Obedience made Prince Xanto forget his displeasure, and he turned back to paging avidly through Henry's medical textbook. “It says that it's not normally possible to urinate with an erection,” he remarked. “However, I wonder what is meant by ‘normally’. How absolute is ‘normally’? I would like to find out.”

Over my dead body, Henry thought. He didn't even like using public restrooms, and he *never* used the urinals! No, it was much too embarrassing. He'd rather hold it. Well, he ought to be able to hold it on this occasion; he wasn't going to give Prince Xanto the pleasure—

Then a precise – and perfectly exquisite – jab to his prostate gland brought him to an abrupt orgasm that obliterated this contrary train of thought.

When Henry next became aware of his surroundings, Prince Xanto's appendage was still deep inside of him, stretching and stroking. But in the meantime, he'd also added a second appendage to Henry's erection.

“What do you think, Henry? Can you relieve yourself now?” he asked.

Henry groaned as Prince Xanto began to tease and probe at the slit.

“Well? Can you? C’mon, c’mon – show me!”

All of a sudden, Henry realized that his bladder was feeling uncomfortably full. Damn His Royal High-Pain-in-the-Assness for his damnable powers of suggestion! Henry groaned again as a shockwave of pleasure raced up his spine.

“There you go; you can do it...”

Another shockwave of pleasure. And another. And another.

The maddening stimulus continued, and Henry, concentrating on keeping his urine safely in his bladder where it belonged, lost all track of time. On and on and on, until Henry could feel himself starting to peak again. On and on and on. But that final climb, that desire for completion, was becoming confused with a growing urgency to relieve himself. They were intertwining, becoming indistinguishable. Henry ground his teeth in frustration, desperate to stave off any loss of control he might regret.

For a while, he succeeded. And so, that maddening stimulus kept right on going, beyond all thought, all endurance, until Henry was overwhelmed by mingled pleasure and pain. It was pure agony. Pure insanity. His bladder was about to burst; his eyeballs were floating. He was going to, he was going to, *he was going to—*

A stabbing sensation, like a knife to his insides, and a short pulse of fluid shot from his erection. Oh no. Nonononono—

“Yes, that’s right...” Prince Xanto murmured, all encouragement, appendage thrusting with enthusiasm in and out of Henry’s ass—

Like a levy that had been suddenly breached, Henry’s bladder began to empty. Urine fountained out of him with the force of a firehose. He couldn’t control it, couldn’t stop the gushing, nooooo, it was getting stronger, and oh, oh, oh, he was trying to stop – he was trying!!

Henry wept inconsolably as the flow of urine weakened, soaking his own legs as well as the appendage still holding tight to his erection, and then he wept even harder as he began to come once more, *hard*, droplets of semen mixing with the spreading pool of urine dirtying the floor.

Unclean, unclean—!

“Ooohhh, you did so well.”

Henry’s chest heaved with wracking, inconsolable sobs. He’d never felt so humiliated in his life! The acrid smell was turning his stomach. Yet Prince Xanto did not seem troubled or disgusted. He cradled Henry against the gentle curve and swell of his own body. Sensitive antennae brushed Henry’s sweaty, tearstained face. Through the watery haze of his tears, Henry could see himself reflected in the bright, black orbs of Prince Xanto’s eyes. He’d never felt so exposed, so vulnerable, and yet so...beheld.

So cherished.

“You did so well,” the prince repeated. “You really are amazing. Really.”

“My prince,” Henry whispered. He caressed one of the stubby antennae with the pad his thumb and rained hot, ardent kisses along its length.

He wasn’t sure what the hell he was doing, to be honest, or why...but Prince Xanto allowed him to do it, so Henry didn’t stop.

Chapter 5

Afternoon teatime.

Henry approached Prince Xanto's private quarters with a mixture of nigh unbearable anticipation and dread. After yesterday's...activities, he didn't know what could possibly come next. His hands were shaking; the empty teacup was rattling in its saucer. If he wasn't careful, he'd drop the heavily laden tray.

Pull yourself together! Henry admonished himself.

"Your Majesty?" Henry called through the closed door. It was odd. Usually Prince Xanto would be shouting his name by now.

"Your Majesty?" he tried again. "I've brought your afternoon tea."

No response.

"Your Majesty?"

Henry forced himself into perfect stillness. Yet there was only silence coming from the other side of the door.

What to do, what to do? He didn't wish to disturb the prince, but he didn't want the prince going without his customary meal, either – he got cranky when he was hungry, and a cranky His Royal High-Pain-in-the-Assness was never a happy occurrence for Henry...

With a sigh of resignation, Henry pushed through the door uninvited, bracing himself for the potential blowback of Prince Xanto's anger—

The room was empty. And dark. And cold. The heat lamp had been switched off.

Henry cast his eyes around, confused. Where was Prince Xanto?! He hadn't be informed in advance of any trips or outings—

Oh. *Oh*.

In the far corner of the room, there was a fluffy, ivory-hued cylinder – exactly the size of the prince's body.

A cocoon. It was a cocoon! Prince Xanto was undergoing his metamorphosis, which meant afternoon tea was off the menu. It – and everything else – would be off the menu for the next two weeks. In fact, Henry's only responsibility in this particular instance was not to disturb the prince.

Intrigued, Henry approached the cocoon. The woven silk looked as fine and soft and delicate as a cloud, but Henry knew firsthand how strong it really was. Still, he wished he could touch it, stroke it, card his fingers through it, perhaps to feel the precious, vulnerable young life pulsing inside of it...

But alas, he didn't dare. Henry departed quietly.

There was a big upside to this unexpected development: For the first time since boarding the Xanthye flagship to take up his position as the prince's human butler, Henry had some serious time off. He finally got around to sending a nice, long message replying to his mother – hopefully

assuaging the worst of her anxieties about his well-being – and he finally got around to *actually* seeing the galaxy. Up close and personal. Complete with day trips and guided tours.

When he wasn't sightseeing, though, he was back on the ship and spending an inordinate amount of time gazing out of some viewport or other into the endless vacuum of space. The blackness between the stars reminded him of the blackness of Prince Xanto's eyes.

Hard as it was to admit now that he had a bit of freedom, Henry kind of missed the royal, spoiled brat.

He missed the curiosity and the endless demands for information. He missed the (mis)use and abuse of his personal collection of books. He even missed the petulant sound of the prince's voice.

And of course, he also missed...

Well. One quick jerk off in the morning and a second one at night before bed was nothing compared to the heretofore unimaginable heights of ecstasy he'd experienced at Prince Xanto's, uh, appendages. Masturbation was so...*boring* by comparison. And he'd basically come to terms with that onetime loss of bladder control. Call it "an experience."

Near the end of the two week mark, Henry started to become impatient. Irritable. He couldn't focus on anything, not the joys of sightseeing on inhabited alien worlds, not the beauty of the vastness of space. He'd always been so busy that he'd never had the chance to make any friends onboard, so he didn't really have anyone to hang out with or talk to. He couldn't even enjoy sheer idleness; he must have ironed, folded, and refolded his butler's uniform a hundred times.

It wouldn't do to look sloppy for the brand new Prince Xanto, he told himself. Then he laundered and ironed all of his shirts again.

By the beginning of the fifteenth day, when Prince Xanto was due to emerge from his cocoon, Henry was more than ready to get back to work. He arrived at the prince's private quarters at an unaccustomed early hour of the morning – normally, the prince would still be fast asleep – and settled in to wait.

He didn't have to wait long. The indistinct form inside the cocoon began to wriggle, to push against its silken casing, weakly at first, and then more strongly. Henry was momentarily tempted to assist in ripping the cocoon open, but he knew he should not – nature should be allowed to take its course. If there was a genuine problem, Henry would certainly be able to tell, and in that unlikely event, he was expected to notify the Xanthye emergency medical services.

Otherwise, the emergence of any Xanthye from the cocoon was an intensely private affair. Normally, it proceeded in absolute solitude; Henry was only permitted to witness this in the first place because he was the prince's butler. Keeping secrets was part of the job description—

Suddenly, the cocoon split open lengthwise. Ah, at last! The prince was emerging!

Chapter 6

The prince emerged from the cocoon damp and soft and blind, barely able to move, wholly unable to speak.

Henry waited at a polite distance and watched.

It took several hours for Prince Xanto's exoskeleton to dry and harden, for his four crumpled wings to unfurl. But after it was over...

Henry's heart was caught swollen in his throat. The caterpillar had become a moth, and he was *magnificent*. Giant, iridescent green wings tipped and veined in gold that beat the air with the dull rush of a blast furnace; long, graceful antennae that looked like ostrich plumes; a six-limbed body that was...

...that was rushing toward Henry and crashing into him and sending him down to the floor and onto his back.

"Y-Your M-Majesty—?!" Henry gasped, trying to recover the wind that had just been knocked out of him.

"Henry. I missed you. I think...I think I was dreaming of you."

His voice was just the same. So were the round, depthless black eyes. His new adult body was richly furred and sweet-smelling. An intoxicating fragrance like lime blossom honey filled Henry's nostrils. A pheromone, perhaps?

Wait, a pheromone? Oh. Oh dear. He was sexually mature now, wasn't he?

Henry was hard in an instant.

Of course, Prince Xanto knew. His long body arched and curled above Henry, and then *something* – something Henry couldn't quite see for himself – that was hard and unyielding pried his legs open wide and ripped through his immaculately pressed trousers and his boxer briefs underneath, and then something else was touching him in that intimate place, probing for entry, and then that long, thick, slick *something else* was driving into him, impaling him.

Henry wrapped all four of his limbs around Prince Xanto's thickly furred body and cried out. The Prince wrapped his six limbs tightly around Henry as well.

They began coupling. Frantically.

The rhythm wasn't anything like that of another human being. There was no real in and out, in and out thrusting. Instead, the motion was like a rocking, both circular and back and forth, that touched Henry inside in all of the places he most liked to be touched. All that avid study they'd been doing with his medical textbook was paying off, apparently.

Henry pushed back into the penetration, trying to mirror the rhythm with his own movements. He was panting; his heart raced. He adored the feel of the big, plush body on top of him, comforting but not too heavy, burying his face in that soft fur, nuzzling, breathing its scent. His erection rested against his belly, stiff as herringbone and leaking. If he touched himself, he'd come immediately, and he didn't want that. He wanted this to last.

But Prince Xanto might not last much longer. A subtle trembling, almost a buzzing vibration, seemed to be spreading from the prince's head, along his body, and down to the tip of his abdomen. The circling, rocking motion inside Henry stopped, and then Prince Xanto froze, his wings snapping open abruptly. He cried out with such raw, uninhibited passion that Henry was now teetering on the edge of orgasm himself.

"H-Henry, I don't—I-I mean, I can't—I think I'm going to—!"

And then...and then...

Yes, Henry could feel it. He could really, really feel it! Something, something large and squishy, the circumference of a ping-pong ball, at least, or, okay, maybe closer to a baseball, was moving through the inside of the shaft that was inside of Henry, stretching him nearly to tearing, to bursting, and it was going to be extruded....extruding...extruding...

Extruded.

The prince's ecstatic cries filled his ears, and the thick, gelatinous packet of Xanthye sperm filled him lower down. Henry felt completed. He imagined that his stomach was bulging from the size of it.

He was the first to mate with the prince.

The idea of *that* brought Henry to a shattering, annihilating orgasm.

He had a second immediately afterwards. And a third, just as thrilling and supernova-bright.

He may have been screaming too by that point – he wasn't entirely sure.

Afterwards, they curled around each other, still joined in their strange yet intimate, interspecies embrace. Prince Xanto's antennae brushed affectionately over Henry's face, and Henry stroked Prince Xanto's fur and tickled the bases of his wings with the tips of his fingers.

God, he was gorgeous in this new form. And the sex was mindblowing. Henry was definitely more than a little bit in love.

"Henry, you will remain in my service forever," Prince Xanto commanded.

Henry was dumbstruck. He hadn't given much thought to anything beyond the immediate future, but he'd certainly never considered—

"H-Henry?" Prince Xanto's customarily entitled tone of voice had become hesitant, almost pleading. His odd sex organ withdrew itself, finally, from Henry's much used rectum, but his six limbs seemed to tighten around Henry. His antennae framed the sides of Henry's face and stroked it nervously. "Henry?!" he repeated.

A lifetime of service, of space travel throughout the known galaxy, of endless hours spent working to satisfy – and also, ahem, "satisfy" – his beloved prince, stretched out before him. And yes, he wanted all of it. He realized he wanted it more than anything.

"As you wish, Your Majesty," Henry replied with an indulgent smile. "It will be my pleasure to serve you."

-fin-

End Notes

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